

The Best Thing About the Rain by martygalwrites

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Summary:

It swept across the ground with a quiet grace that mesmerized El. Sure, it was easy to watch the rain from the comfort of someplace warm and familiar - a house with a roof and walls and warm light. It was a pretty, or maybe even a graceful sight to watch the rain fall from the sky in sheets. It sounded rhythmic, pattering on the windows and dropping in puddles. It was soothing, but...

It was late afternoon, and this little storm had blown up about 20 minutes prior. Mike was asleep, passed out cold on his basement couch, the soft blue light from the TV flashed across his face and shown in his hair. El, upon hearing the wind push the rain into the window, had slowly slipped away from his side as her heart began to race and her breath began to quicken. She didn't want to wake him.

OR

El dealing with some stuff, and Mike wants to help!!

The Best Thing About the Rain

Author's Note:

It rained a lot this week, and this is what I wrote...

It swept across the ground with a quiet grace that mesmerized El. Sure, it was easy to watch the rain from the comfort of someplace warm and familiar – a house with a roof and walls and warm light. It was a pretty, or maybe even a graceful sight to watch the rain fall from the sky in sheets. It sounded rhythmic, pattering on the windows and dropping in puddles. It was soothing, but...

She knew how cold it could make you, soaking you to the bone. She knew how, after a while, your skin became numb to the drops relentlessly falling out of nowhere. The water could get in your eyes, making it hard to see. It could flow down into your mouth, if you weren't careful, leaving a weird coppery taste behind. It wasn't refreshing or romantic or comforting... or anything like she had seen on TV. It was unkind and harsh and chilling, the rain.

El took a breath slowly in through her nose, out through her mouth, and watched her breath fog the glass on the window. She tried to let the brief flashes of cold and dark turn into gratefulness, the way Will had taught her.

"Every time something sends you... *back*. Remember that you're here now. You have a home. And you're safe from... all that. Just remember where you are. And if you're somewhere you don't wanna be, you can change that."

He had told her this in a whisper, like it was a secret. It was because she didn't like to admit it when things bothered her. He felt that way

too. After all, they were just things and everyone else could just see them, or hear them, or feel them (or so it seemed).

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And now she stood, nose flushed up against the window on the basement door, trying to face her fear. *Normal people aren't scared of the rain*, she thought. *Like Mike, he's sleeping right through it*. But those thoughts only reminded her that she *wasn't* normal. Abnormal. Hop's dictionary had taught her what that meant. The opposite of normal, sometimes in a way that is hard to look at or deal with. An inconvenience.

She shook that thought from her mind, not letting herself go that way. She had before, and it wasn't a friendly place. Her friends – her newfound *family* – loved her. And she knew what love was. She never had to look it up in the dictionary, because she felt it. She felt it the same way that she felt the rain. After a while, you become numb to it. But then something brings you back. And somehow, it's even more powerful, even more *beautiful* than before.

Thinking about it that way caused a sleepy smile to stretch across her face, and she sighed. She was so lost in her thoughts about the rain, she hadn't noticed it had started to get even louder, plucking on the gutter right outside the door. She hadn't noticed it cause Mike to stir, blinking in confusion until he saw her on the other side of the room. She hadn't noticed him quietly stumble up from the couch and towards her spot by the window. He knew how the weather made her

feel sometimes.

She did notice when he placed a hand on her shoulder tentatively, as if not to scare her. It didn't.

In fact, she startled *him* with how swiftly she turned around, reaching for the hand he put on her shoulder and using it to pull him to a hug. It didn't last very long, but only because she had something to say.

"Do you know the best thing about the rain?"

"Um..." he stalled. This response was not the one he anticipated. "Actually, I don't."

El smirked and breathed a small laugh. She turned back around to look at the rain again, which was now pouring so hard the fence on the edge of the Wheeler's backyard wasn't even visible anymore. Mike winced when he noticed.

"Are you going to tell me what it is? Or should I start guessing?"

"The rain is always going to go away," she said. "And the sun's going to come back out."

"You're right," he nodded.

“And when it does, the sun’s going to feel twice as warm.”

The cold, the numb, the harsh; it would all wash away. Every time, without fail.

She couldn’t see it – she was still fixated on the rain – but Mike smiled when he heard what she had to say. From her left, he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her close for a brief second. He pressed a kiss to the side of her head and then let her go, sauntering back to the couch where he sat back down.

Some TV show, he wasn’t sure which, was still murmuring on even though it was muffled by the torrential downpour happening outside. But he wasn’t paying attention. He was watching El watching the storm unfold across his backyard. Rain, or more often the threat of booming thunder, frequently brought back bad memories for her. But she seemed to be doing better with this one, and he really wanted her to be able to work through these things herself. He knew she could. She could do anything.

El eventually moved back to the couch and nuzzled her way into blanket that Mike wrapped around her shoulders. The rain eventually slowed to a dull drizzle. It wouldn’t be until the following morning, but the sun eventually came out again and El would smile when she saw the light bouncing off the wet pavement. She was right, it did feel twice as warm.

Author's Note:

Listen..... the rain was really getting to me this week and the sun finally came out today and it made the biggest difference.

I’d also like to add that I would be lying if I said I

didn't listen to the finale from les mis while I wrote the end of this... "even the darkest night will end and the sun will rise" is one of my favorite lyrics (or quotes, or string of words, etc.) of all time.

Thanks for reading, as always!!! <3 And be my friend on tumblr!!! @martiegalwrites there too

-m